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THE STATION DESPAIR.

We must trust the conductor, most surely;
Way millions of millions before
Have made this same journey secure
And come to that ultimate shore.
And we, we will reach it in season;
And oh, what a welcome is there!
Rejoice then, how out of all reason
To stop at the station Despair.

At midnight, and many a potion
Of black water have we
As we journey from ocean to ocean—
From sea until ultimate sea—
To that deep sea of seas, and all silence
Of passion, concern and of care—
That vast sea of Eden and islands.
Don't stop at the station Despair!

Go forward, whatever may follow.
Go forward, fearless, or alone;
Ah me, to leap off in some hollow
Or, in the night and unknown
Leap off like a thief, try to hit you
From an angel, all waiting you
Go forward! whatever be the you
Don't stop at the station Despair!
—Jonquil Miller, in N. Y. Independent.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

Thrilling Experience on the Roof
of a Cathedral.

Have you never read of a person's
hair turning gray in a single night?
Of course you have. The old story
books are full of such tales. I can re-
member dozens of them, stories reek-
ing with gore and dank with dungeons
and goblins with ghosts or other un-
canny things. The heroine and some-
times the hero goes to bed at night
with hair as black as the raven's wing
and along in the night come the hor-
rors, whatever they are, and in the
morning the raven hair has turned a
snowy white.

I can remember, too, that I never
used to take any stock in such stories.
I used to hear them read and get up
quite a respectable thrill at the most
horrible portions, especially when the
candle flickered awfully with a ghos-
tly light and then went out, leaving every-
body in total darkness just as a deep
groan was heard or a long shuddering
sigh like the wind through the weep-
ing willows in a graveyard. Oh, yes!
I was quite susceptible to touching
passages like those, and I used to hurry
up to bed and tuck my head under the
clothes and shiver with the most timid
of them. But somehow or other I could
not accept the hair-turning part of the
story. I knew that hair, black or
white, could stand on end, but that a
good head of black hair would bleach
itself out between dark and daylight
was a little too much to swallow.

I know better now. I have had a lit-
tle experience of my own which—but
perhaps it is best to tell the story just
as it occurred.

It was on the roof of the cathedral
at Milan. We had climbed the stairs
in the late afternoon of a beautiful
spring day after paying the custodian
the insignificant price he asked for all
the glories visible from the elevated
position. We looked through the tele-
scope—for another fee—and had each
assured the others that we saw Mount
Blanc perfectly well, without for a
moment believing what the others said
or convincing them that we told the
truth. And we had ended our climb
by ascending to the highest point under
the lantern—if it is a lantern—by the
corridor staircase, which will scarcely
perpetrate any but the thinnest persons
to pass when one is going up and the
other coming down.

We were a party of four, and when
the roof was reached the youngest pro-
posed a ramble over that portion of the
structure. To this all but myself as-
sented. I was tired and proposed to
rest awhile at the foot of the tower
stairs, where the others were to pick
me up on their return, so that we
might all descend together. This was
satisfactory and off they started.

For a time I was quite comfortable
and paid no attention to the passage of
time, but I suddenly noticed that it
was getting dark and that my com-
panions had not returned. I called to
them first in a moderate tone of voice,
then more loudly, but received no
answer. Fearing that they would be
belated on the roof I started in search
of them. I walked the entire length of
the ridge of the main roof and peered
down all the side passages in the gath-
ering dusk, but caught no glimpses
of my companions. Then I descended to
the roof of the aisle and made a search
there, which was also fruitless. I be-
came alarmed as the light failed and
ran from one point to another, calling
out as I ran, until I found to my great
dismay that I had lost my way. I
could see far below me the lights of
the great city and hear the distant
rumbling of the carriages as they
drove past on the stony streets. But I
was as effectually lost for the moment
as if I had been in the heart of an
African jungle without a compass and
no Stanley on the alert to hunt me up.
In the excitement and despair which
the consciousness of this fact produced
I rushed about so wildly that I slipped
and fell on a long flight of stone steps
wet with the dew which had begun to
fall. I was not conscious of any se-
rious injury from the fall, but when I
brought up at the foot of the stairs and
tried to regain my footing I found to
my despair and horror that I was ut-
terly unable to move my limbs. I was
paralyzed.

The mental agony I suffered is in-
conceivable. Yet curiously enough I
spent the first moments in speculating
as to the exact nature of the injury I
had sustained. Had I broken my back
or simply injured my spinal cord? I
tried to recall what I had heard my
doctor friends say about injuries of
similar character, but could not seem

to remember anything definite. The
words "the fifth pair" flashed into my
mind and appeared to connect them-
selves in some way with my condition;
but whether it was the fifth pair of
nerves or ribs or of something else I
could not make out. I could not un-
derstand either how I could have been
so seriously injured without any sensi-
ble shock; but that my power of loco-
motion was gone there was no doubt.
I could move my hand, and I began to
speculate on the number of things one
could do with one's hands alone. This
occupied me for what seemed to be an
hour; but as the train of thought was
interrupted by a clock striking the
hour of midnight I concluded it must
have been much longer and wondered
I had not heard the preceding hours.

Suddenly the full horror of my con-
dition flashed upon me. I was not
only doomed to remain where I was,
helpless and alone, during the long,
chilly hours of the night, but there was
no certainty that I would ever get
away alive. My friends would never
dream that I was there. They had un-
doubtedly concluded that I had gone
down, and if they missed me would
search everywhere but in the right
place. It might be days before the
particular spot in which I lay would
be visited, and in that case it would be
too late. Starvation would do for me,
even if the injury I had received did
not. In my anguish I shrieked aloud,
but was dully conscious all the time
that nobody could hear me. Visitors
and custodians alike must have de-
parted hours before; and even if any
cries were heard from the streets be-
low nobody would attribute them to
their real source.

To the feeling of acute anguish suc-
ceeded one of blank despair. I no
longer speculated on the possibility of
being discovered dead or alive. There
was a dull heaving feeling at my chest
and I found myself repeating mecha-
nically old rhymes and jingles and say-
ing the alphabet backward, as I once
learned to do in seeking relief from in-
somnia. Yet at the same time I was
conscious that my whole life was pass-
ing in review before me as they say it
does when one is drowning or being
hanged. I remembered that saying,
"and without any cessation of the re-
view" I wondered in my double con-
sciousness if I were undergoing the
sensations of a drowning man or of
one being hanged, and I wished I
could put them down on paper for the
benefit of the rest of mankind. What
struck me as singular was that the
words kept on striking twelve. The
second time they did this I thought I
must have lost consciousness for an en-
tire day and that this was the second
night. But when the third stroke of
twelve came from half a dozen
clocks I knew it could not be two days
since I had fallen. I thought first that
I had become demented; and then it
occurred to me that if I were I could
not reason about it in that fashion so
the clocks themselves must be crazy.

This theory satisfied me until the
striking began again, when I went off
in another fantastic speculation. My
friends had discovered that I was mis-
sing and were having the bells rung to
keep my spirits up.

Oh! the long, long, weary hours I
spent waiting for a glimpse of day-
light. I had no hope that daylight
would bring me any relief, but the
prospect of staying where it was end-
lessly midnight seemed unendurable.
I groaned and wept and dug my nails
into the palms of my hands until it
seemed as if the blood would come;
but I did not even feel any sense of
pain.

It must have been after the clocks
had struck midnight a dozen times or
more—I kept no exact account—that I
saw in the distance at what seemed to
be the farther end of the cathedral
roof two faint glimmers of light. Pre-
sently there were two more, and then
two more, until there was a regular
procession of them. I tried to shout,
but had become so weak with cold and
suffering that I could not raise my
voice above a whisper. The lights
gradually stronger until I could see
that they were borne by several black-
robed figures who were marching be-
side a coffin. As the procession moved
slowly towards me I began to wonder
what it meant and whether funerals
took place at midnight on the roof of
Milan cathedral. Then I speculated a
moment on the propriety of disturbing
the obsequies even in my extreme
need. Suddenly it dawned on me that
this was my own funeral, and I knew
that I was either dead or had gone mad.
In the supreme anguish of this discovery
all memory of past suffering was
blotted out and I entered on a new
period of the most exquisite torture.
For the foremost of the moving figures
reached me I felt a grasp on my arm
and a voice called in my ear:

"Wake up, father; it's time to be go-
ing down. I guess you must have had
your yoke turned."

It was my daughter, and beside her
were the rest of the party, flushed with
their ramble on the roof. I straight-
ened out my cramped limbs, which
must have gone to sleep about the time
I did, and pulled out my watch. I had
been there just fifteen minutes.

I don't mean to be understood that
my hair really did turn gray in that
night of horror on Milan cathedral.
In the first place there is not much of
it and what there is has been tolerably
gray for some years. But I do mean
to say that I am no longer incredulous
as to the possibility of such a capillary
change as the story books tell about. I

am quite sure that if any man or
woman really had just such an expe-
rience as I thought I had his or her
hair would turn gray provided, of
course, he or she had any hair that was
not gray already.—Detroit Free Press.

PIERCED BY AN ARROW.

Curious Story of the Breast Bone of a
Brant That Was Shot in Alaska.

A very surprising curiosity has been
placed in the National museum. It is
the breast bone of a wild brant trans-
fixed by an arrow. The bird, which
weighed about fifteen pounds, was shot
in the Kankakee marshes, Indiana,
with a gun and subsequently eaten,
but the part of its anatomy mentioned
was preserved.

Once upon a time—it must have been
some years before, so a Washington
Star reporter was told—this particular
brant was summering in Alaska, where
others of its species gather every year
for the purpose of mating. An Indian
shot at the bird with an arrow which
had for its point a piece of a deer's rib
seven inches long. It's aim was so
true that the weapon went clear
through the "keel" of the fowl's breast
bone and stuck there, the shaft falling
to the ground. It is in this way that
the natives of those parts make their
arrows, in order that the shafts may
not be lost.

The latter fall when the
game is struck and are picked up again.
Though transfixed in this fashion the
brant was too stoutly a bird to yield its
life so readily, no vital organs having
been touched, and it calmly flew away,
doubtless to the disgust of the hunter.

After while the wound healed and the
fowl managed to get along very com-
fortably with the deer's rib through its
breast. Years afterward it was slain with
more sure leaden shot in Indiana, and
now its breast bone has been deposited
at the National museum of this city. Its
tragic history is known thus in detail
because the arrow-head itself told it all.
Each Indian tribe in Alaska makes its
weapons after a pattern peculiar to it-
self, and Prof. Munson has thus been
enabled to determine that the brant
was struck with the arrow on the
Yukon river and nowhere else. Further-
more, he knows positively at what part
of the Yukon the thing occurred, and he
can even locate the spot within two or
three miles. It is an affair quite unique
that a bird should be thus impaled and
yet carry the instrument of death so
long and in such a manner. Besides,
the story has additional interest in the
bearing it has upon the study of this
bird's migration.

The arrow had stuck through the
keel of the breast bone precisely at
right angles with the latter, projecting
on either side about an equal distance.
To protect the bird's flesh against its
irritation bony material has been de-
posited around the weapon for half an
inch each way. The piece of deer's rib
was straightened by the maker of the
arrow with a sort of wrench in the
process of manufacture, after which it
was shaved down and polished to a fine
point. Near the butt end of it is a sin-
gle barb, for the instrument is of the
character known as a ranking weapon—
that is to say, after entering the flesh
of the victim it works its way into the
vitals, eventually causing death. An
Indian thinks nothing of following a
deer thus wounded for many days in the
expectation of securing the prey finally.

LARGEST FARM IN THE WORLD.

A Million and a Half Acres in One Tract
Down in Louisiana.

In the extreme southwest corner of
Louisiana there is a farm measuring
one hundred miles north and south,
and twenty-five miles east and west. The
million and a half acres of which it is
made up were purchased about seven
years ago from the state of Louisiana
and from the United States government
by a syndicate of northern capitalists,
by whom it is now farmed.

This immense tract is divided into
convenient pasture stations or ranches,
the fencing alone having cost fifty thou-
sand dollars.

All the cultivating, ditching, etc., is
done by steam power, a tract of about
half a mile wide being taken, and an
engine placed on each side. The en-
gines are portable, and work a cable
attached to four ploughs, the area
ploughed in this way, with the labor of
only three men, being thirty acres.

There is not a single draught horse
on the estate. Horses are, however,
used for the herdsmen who look after
the sixteen thousand head of cattle
upon the estate, which is traversed for
thirty-six miles by the Southern Pacific
railway. The company has three steam-
boats upon the three hundred miles of
navigable waters which traverse their
estate, and also possesses a shipyard, a
bank and rice mills.

The largest farm in England is just
about 1,600th of the size of the United
States farm above described; and in
Hungary, where the largest farming
operations in Europe are carried on,
there is no farm that is more than 1-15th
of the size or area of this gigantic farm
in Louisiana.

A Big Mule.

Marshall, Mo., is a great place for
donkeys and their kindred. Besides
selling thirteen thousand mules every
year there has been raised in the
vicinity a mule which is eight years old
and twenty hands high. A mule six
feet and eight inches high is such a
curiosity that they are taking it around
to all the county fairs and exhibiting it
as a sort of a side show, and the gate
money in a single day sometimes
amounts to one hundred dollars.

A Hole Nearly Four Thousand Feet Deep.

Over Three Years Consumed in Sinking It
—Said to Be the Deepest Well in
the World. Yet It Gives
No Water.

Perhaps not a hundred St. Louisans
are aware of the fact that their city is
famous the world over among geolo-
gists and scientists as having the
deepest well ever sunk. It is known as
the "Pest" well and is located at
the city insane asylum, in the south-
western portion of the city. It was
sunk to be sunk by the county court
in 1888, before the separation of the
city and county, with the view of ob-
taining a supply of water for the in-
stitution, then in course of construc-
tion. Work was commenced on it
March 31, 1886, and was steadily pushed
forward month after month and year
after year for the space of three years,
five months and fifteen days, says the
St. Louis Republic, when, the drill
striking a ledge of granite, that con-
tinued to hold out after a penetration
of 40 feet, the work was abandoned at
a depth of 3,843 1-5 feet.

Various strata of rock and earth
were penetrated in the descent, and at
1,700 feet granite was struck, which
should have precluded any hope of
ever striking water, as it is a well-
known geological fact that water does
not exist below the granite.

A stream of water was struck at a
depth of 1,230 feet which rose to with-
in 127 feet of the surface, but no
further, as there seemed to be some
lateral outlet for the water. From
1,430 to 1,580 feet below the surface
sulphur water was drawn, strongly im-
pregnated with sulphureted hydrogen
gas. A little distance below this a
vein of saline water was discovered of
a bluish cast and containing 7 per
cent of salt. As no tubing was used in
the well the water from these various
strata continued to flow in during the
winter, but, as stated, never raised the
water higher than 127 feet of the sur-
face.

At a depth of some 3,200 feet a stratum
of rock known as the Potsdam sand-
stone of the lowest Silurian system was
struck, and the penetrating it the drill
unfortunately stuck and was broken
off. This for a time was regarded as
putting an end to further boring, but
the ingenious engineer, after a week or
two of consideration, devised a contriv-
ance that successfully removed the
broken drill. A new drill was then pre-
sented, but it was found that still more
carefully threatened to prevent further
progress. It was found that while the
weight of the rig of the very best steel
drill was made of the iron bars extending
down from the engine to which the
drill was attached was so excessive
that a drop of even one foot was power-
ful enough to latter the point of the
drill and consequently prevent any
headway being attained. Again, how-
ever, the ingenuity of the engineer
solved the problem. He reasoned that
the well being nearly full of water the

substitution of wooden poles for the
iron rods to which the drill was at-
tached would not only lessen the weight,
but the wood would act as a float in the
water and furnish the necessary resist-
ance to overcome any excessive weight.
The accordingly procured stout poles
six feet in length, furnished with
flat screw joints, and on testing the
experiment was rewarded with success.
The work continued to the depth stated,
when it was abandoned by order of the
court as an unprofitable job.

This depth of 3,843 1-5 feet, compared
with the next deepest well in the world,
that located at Pesth, which is 3,192
feet, shows a difference in favor of the
St. Louis well of 651 1-5 feet.

The next in depth of St. Louis wells
is known as the Belcher well, located
at the Belcher sugar refinery. It was
commenced in the spring of 1889 and
proceeded at intervals till March, 1890,
when steady work was commenced and
maintained for thirty-three months, and
a flowing vein was struck at a depth of
2,107 feet. While the vein was found to
be strong enough to discharge seventy-
five gallons per minute and raise the
water seventy-five feet above the sur-
face, it was so strongly impregnated
with sulphur as to be unfit for the pur-
poses of the refinery. The water was
discovered to contain medical virtues,
and to this day is quite a popular drink
with St. Louisans. This well is exceed-
ingly deep by the one at Pesth, hereto-
fore mentioned, the latter well of
Paris, which has a depth of 2,550 feet.

It is interesting to note in this con-
nection that the Chinese and Egyptians
were early acquainted with artesian
wells, and that the oldest known one in
Europe is at Lilliers, in Artois, whence
the name artesian is derived. This
well was sunk in 1126, but there is no
record as to its depth. The Grenelle
well of Paris, while having a depth of
only 1,700 feet, is the most famous well
of Europe on account of its wonderful
flow of water. It is estimated to yield
510 gallons of water a minute and raise
it thirty-two feet above the surface.

Owing to the improved machinery
used in driving artesian wells in the last
few years they are becoming quite com-
mon, but they rarely exceed a depth of
2,000 feet, and usually range from 500 to
800 feet. Louisville has one well of a
depth of 2,000 feet, and Chicago has sev-
eral ranging from 700 to 1,200 feet. Gal-
veston is just now engaged in sinking a
well that gives promise of attaining
some celebrity. A Milwaukee firm has
a contract at the sum of \$75,000, and it
has already attained a depth of 3,000
feet without having found water.

POINTS ABOUT RUGS.

In former years, most of the Turke-
man rugs came from Russia before
they reached western markets. A
present, many of the finest rugs come
through hands of English, French and
American collectors.

There is a class of rugs made in the
south of Persia which are distinguish-
ed by their thick, dense texture. The
background is of camel's hair, which is
left in its natural state, thus giving to
the rug a soft, buff gray tone.

The ghilleens are made wholly or
partly of cotton. They are all long
and narrow, with a general sameness
of design and color. A ghilleen can be
washed like a piece of cotton, and on
this account alone it is useful in a va-
riety of ways.

The rugs of Kurdistan are generally
recognized by an open rather than close
weave—much upon the same plan as
crochet-work. Thus rugs of this make
are alike on both sides. The colors in a
Kurdistan are usually vivid, strong, con-
trasted and have the plumper of silk.

A certain kind of Turkish rug is
known as a prayer rug. A rug of this
make contains designs which have a
religious significance. On the border
may be an inscription from the Koran,
in Arabic, which reads thus: "The ver-
dant carpet of the prairie is trodden
over by feet so gay that all—be they
wise or foolish—are tempted to dance
thereon."—Once a Week.

RAILROADS IN OTHER LANDS.

BRUSSELS is to have an elevated cable
road.

Russia is experimenting very exten-
sively with the idea of using metal
sleepers upon the railroads in that
country.

The directors of one of the principal
railway companies in Great Britain are
considering the proposal for the entire
removal of the class system.

More railroad trains pass Clapham, a
suburb of London, than any other sta-
tion in the world. Between seven a.
m. and ten p. m. fully 1,000 trains pass
—an average of one in every fifty-four
seconds.

A HARK railway seven miles in length
is under construction on the Uni-
mountain, Japan, to connect the ter-
minal of the state railway at Yokohama
and Karuizawa. There are twenty-one
tunnels, 19,200 feet in length in all,
along the line, and the steepest grade is
one to fifteen.

The high price of coal on Mexican
railroads has resulted in the adoption
of a novel type of compound engine,
locomotives. The high pressure cylin-
der is contained in the low pressure cylin-
der, and a saving of twenty-five per
cent in coal is obtained, with only a
little increase in weight.—Manchester
Union.

QUEER ADS AND SIGNS.

The Courier, of Hanover, has this ad-
vertisement: "For Sale—A fine and
superior quality; played upon for some
time by a Baron."

An advertisement dated in an Ohio
township reads as follows:

sign: "Yoga yoga yoga yoga yoga
wait."—Troy Press.

A London milliner has this adver-
tising notice: "I have a new hat made
from a prevailing fashion, and it is
interesting. This style is the latest."
—11d.

A HOLLAND journal, De Gids, pub-
lishes an advertisement of a gun, call-
ing attention to a new kind of gun,
very cheap, and "specially recom-
mended to painters."

Advertisement in an English social
paper: A young gentleman is in the
point of getting married; is desirous of
meeting a man of experience who will
dissuade him from the step.

Is a hotel not one hundred miles from
the top of the Rigi the following ad-
vertisement gives satisfaction: "The
towers and venerable voyagers are dis-
satisfied that when the sun him rise a hor-
will be blown."

HOUSEKEEPERS REMEMBER.

That salt fish are quickest and best
freshened by soaking in sour milk.

That fish can be scaled much easier
by dipping into boiling water about a
minute.

That a teaspoonful of turpentine
boiled with pure white clothes will aid
the whitening process.

That milk which is turned or changed
may be sweetened and made fit for use
by stirring in a little soda.

That a bit of charcoal put in the
saucepan with your cabbage destroys
much of the disagreeable odor.

That salt curdles milk; hence, in pre-
paring milk porridge, gravies, etc., the
salt should not be added until the dish
is almost finished.

That egg shells are nice to clean bot-
tles or cruets, also little bits of raw po-
tato and soapuds. Shake well, then
rinse several times.

That boiled starch is much improved
by the addition of a little sperm or a
little gum arabic dissolved; some like a
few drops of kerosene.

NATURE'S CURIOSITIES.

A French woman's baby was so small
that she used her shoe for a cradle.

A GOVERN, with a neck curled like a
serpent in the act of striking, is a
boasted curiosity in Mount Holly, N. C.

A SNAKE cucumber has been on ex-
hibition at Sheboygan Falls, Wis.,
which lacked but an inch of being
twelve feet long.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, JANUARY 9, 1892.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

Chas. B. Donnelly, of Bodie, was here on Sunday.

Harvey Boone drove over from Bodie on Sunday—the first to break the snow blockade. He returned home on Monday, accompanied by Mrs. Boone.

George H. Bump and Sam. Tysot drove over from Bodie on Tuesday.

District Attorney H. M. Eddy arrived home from Oakland on Tuesday on Galati's Carson stage.

W. E. Reading and Dr. Surryhne came over from Bodie on Monday on a little business trip.

Dr. T. A. Keesles and wife came over from Bodie on Thursday.

Supervisors Calnan, Morgan, Pitts and Stewart have been here all the week on official business.

Musicals.—Our society people have commenced the New Year with a series of musicals.

On Sunday evening last Mrs. A. F. Bryant gave one to as many friends as her large parlor can comfortably hold, and the entertainment was greatly enjoyed by those who were fortunate in being present.

Sheriff Cody's residence was also musical that evening, Mrs. Cody having invited a few friends in to pass the evening pleasantly.

On Tuesday evening one was given at the Allen House, where our local talent congregated and had an enjoyable time.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Joe A. Brown gave the first of a series which she proposes to give to pass the remaining Winter evenings. There were about thirty present, and it was a pleasant occasion to all.

We have considerable musical talent in this town, and it is well for those possessing such to get together and have a social and instructive time.

Blockade Broken.—The snow blockade between here and Bodie was broken on last Sunday by Harvey Boone and C. B. Donnelly, who drove through from Bodie in sleighs. On Monday morning the first installment of the delayed mails arrived by the horse-shoe route, via Sweetwater, the stage coming that way from Del Monte to bring Supervisor Calnan, who had to come from Benton by the Hawthorne route. In the afternoon the stage arrived from Bodie with the balance of the mails, and giving us San Francisco dates from December 27th to the 1st, inclusive, and on Wednesday we received dates to the 3d. Galati's Carson stage came in over the Antelope road, on schedule time on Tuesday evening.

Coyote Scalps.—The Board of Supervisors on Tuesday allowed bills for coyote scalps as follows: Oscar Hilton 5; Frank Hughes 1; C. Wedert 2; Pinta George 2; C. E. Heath 1; John Kurley 8; Wm. Kinley 13; M. Waterson 3; M. M. Waltz 5; J. A. Schell 41; Fritz Koch 1; John Langrell 3; S. M. Gregory 3; A. Galleron 2; S. Kirkwood 2; F. E. Hunsell 13; M. Hunsell 5; A. Walters 3; E. A. Kirkwood 2; T. Dobbin 7; N. Dondero 1; Henry A. Pitts 7; R. Peeler 1—total 135 scalps, for which the State will pay \$5 each—\$675.

Leap Year Ball.—The ladies of Bridgeport propose giving a Leap Year Ball at Bryant's Hall on Washington's Birthday—Monday, February 22d. It will be an enjoyable party, as the young ladies will have full charge, and will make themselves very agreeable to their gentlemen friends, who will have to be very circumspect in their conduct this year, as their fair friends will have the advantage of them in affairs of the heart.

St. Patrick's Day.—As usual, a grand masquerade ball will be given at Bryant's Hall on Thursday evening, March 17th. This early notice is given so that all proposing to take part will have ample time to prepare their costumes. The masquerades given here have always been good, but the coming one should be the best of all.

This weather has been quite warm all the week up to Thursday night, and the snow went off very fast, but it turned cold that night, the mercury standing at zero at 7 A. M. yesterday, and it did not crawl up very high during the day.

County Money.—On Monday the money in the County Treasury was counted by the proper officers, who found therein the proper amount—\$20,423 32.

Licenses Collector.—Maurice H. Hays has been reappointed Special License Tax Collector.

Constable.—James Orton has been appointed Constable of Bodie Township, vice Curran, resigned.

County Physician.—Dr. T. A. Keesles has been reappointed County Physician, also Health Officer of Bodie.

Daniel Buck, late Secretary of the Monte Orto Co., Patterson District, died in San Francisco last week of pneumonia, aged 78.

Galati's Carson stage will be in on time on night.

DECEASED.—The mails delayed by the snow blockade, arrived on Monday, advising us of the death of our sister, Mrs. Homer B. Osborn, of San Francisco, from pneumonia, at the age of 75 years, 1 month and 27 days. She departed this life on December 27th, leaving four sons, three daughters, a large number of grand and great-grand children and three brothers to mourn. The deceased was a devoted mother and affectionate sister.

MINING DELICATES.—The Supervisors this morning appointed T. H. Leggett, John W. Kelly, A. A. Travis, W. P. Onkst, D. E. Jones, B. F. Pierce, J. F. Miller, A. F. Bryant, A. S. Kilpatrick and R. M. Folger, to represent Mono county in the Mining Convention, to be held in San Francisco on the 20th. As these gentlemen will have to go at their own expense, it goes without saying that it is not likely that Mono will have a large delegation in that convention.

INDIGENT MONEY.—The Board of Supervisors has appointed W. H. Pyburn, of Sacramento, to collect from the State the money due the county for the care of the indigent poor. There should be a nice sum to collect, as the State is several years in arrears to the county.

ALL MUST PAY.—The Board of Supervisors amended the License Ordinance, fixing the liquor license at \$30 a quarter, whether sold by the glass, bottle, gallon or barrel.

The Board of Supervisors on Monday filled the Grand and Trial Jury boxes with selected names of good and substantial taxpayers.

Judge Joseph M. Cavis, formerly District Judge of Alpine and Mono counties, died in Stockton on Monday, aged 66 years. He was very popular in both counties.

There is much sickness in Bodie and Antelope Valley.

This is a beautiful day.

A GREAT SHAKE.
An Earthquake That Upset Things Eighty Years Ago.

One of the most violent earthquakes of this century was that which destroyed the town of New Madrid, Mo., in 1811. The first shock occurred December 16 and was followed by others of constantly increasing violence until February. The town stood on a bluff fifteen or twenty feet above the summer floods, and sunk so low that the next rise covered it to the depth of five feet. The most marked phenomena, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, occurred in the Mississippi river, the bed of which rose, carrying great waves which swamped many boats and drowned the crews. Other boats were wrecked on snags thrown up from the bottom of the river where they had lain buried for ages. The sulphureted gases charged during the shocks tainted the air and rendered the water of the river poisonous for many days. In St. Louis county fowls fell from the trees as though dead; crockery fell from shelves and was broken, and the inhabitants of the pioneer settlements left their homes in fear of being crushed. For several years the earthquake of 1811 was known as the "great shake." The center of its violence seemed to be at Little Prairie, twenty-five or thirty miles below New Madrid, although the vibrations were felt all over the valley of the Ohio and as far up as Pittsburgh. Sand bars and projecting points of land were swallowed up in the flood, with great cottonwood trees, which were entirely submerged.

FRIGHTFUL SHIPWRECKS.
Staunch ships strike and founder, the fierce winds and mountainous waves sweep noble mariners' hearts of oak to shipwreck and to death, yet that does not prevent the lubberliest of demans from risking his life on the stormy Atlantic in the role of tourist or commercial traveler. But if he shall reach his destination safely he will scarcely have escaped some of the quins of sea sickness, unless he takes with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that infallible specific for nausea. Bad water on long trips are a threat to the voyager, but this may be derived in a great measure of its disagreeing effects upon the stomach, bowels and liver by the Bitters. Against the prejudicial effects of malaria, bad diet, fatigue and exposure it is also efficacious. It cures, moreover, rheumatism and kidney complaints. Don't travel on sea or land without it.

Ever since the establishment of the first paper on the bay of San Francisco, which we believe was the "Alta," removed from Monterey in 1848, the inhabitants of the Coast generally have been interested in the news from San Francisco. The "Alta," like many other pioneers of '48, has succumbed to the inevitable and gone over to the great majority, and like other pioneers, has been succeeded by younger generations. The "Examiner" has taken perhaps the most prominent place in the newspaper field of late years, and its Weekly Edition is very generally taken by those who desire an interesting and reliable paper published "the day." Everyone is familiar with the premium offers made by Mr. Hearst, the "Examiner's" enterprising publisher, and it is only necessary to say that this year the aggregate value of the premiums—of which there are 5,000—will be distributed among all the subscribers to the paper. In addition to these premiums, which range in value from 50 cents to \$2.50, every subscriber receives one of the four great premium pictures, which will be mailed to him in a tube direct from the "Examiner's" office as soon as the subscription is received:

"The Retreat from Moscow," by Meissonier.

"The Roman Chariot Race," by A. Wagner.

Each of these pictures is 21x28 inches, and they are elegantly reproduced in fac simile, showing every tint and color of the great originals, either one of which could not be purchased for \$100.00.

"Women and Children First," by C. Napier Henry.

"Christ Leaving the Praetorium," by Gustave Doré.

Each of these pictures is reproduced in photograph, size 21x28, and is entirely fitted for framing, and will adorn the walls of the most refined home.

The subscription price of the "Weekly Examiner" is \$1.50, and subscriptions may be sent either direct to W. B. Hearst, Publisher, San Francisco, through the Local Agent of the "Examiner" or the Postmaster.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Too many silly young couples drive into matrimony with a blind bride.

Do not imagine that the young lady means yes when she nods after midnight.—Dallas News.

Mrs. BARNES—"That bicycle I bought for my little boy only three weeks ago has gone all to pieces." Dealer—"Yes'm. You remember I warranted it to go fast."

IRISH HUMOR.—Traveler (in Ireland)—"I don't see how it is you people keep in such good humor." Irishman—"Sure, we do niver have enough to ate to get bilious."—Demorest's Magazine.

WIKY a young man first meets an experienced coquette he is apt to think how artless she is; before she gets through with him he is pretty sure to think how heartless she is.—Somerville Journal.

A PARISH clerk apologized to a church dignitary who had been summoned to take a service at a small village church. "I am sorry, sir, to have brought such a gentleman as you to this poor little place. A worse gentleman would have done if we had only known where to find him."—London Light.

SCIENCE FOR THE MASSES.

PROF. NORDENSKJÖLD's expedition to the south pole will sail in July of next year.

A GERMAN doctor finds that only in one case out of fifteen are both eyes in good condition.

CHARCOAL is recommended as an absorber of gases in the milk-room where foul gases are present. It should be freshly powdered and kept there continually.

RECENT experiments at the Illinois experiment station show that the best fertilizer known for land on which wheat is raised is ordinary barnyard manure.

PROF. WILLIAM HUGGINS, the English astronomer and spectroscopist, thinks that a star is red, white or blue, according to its age, and that the white stars are the youngest.

THAT sunflowers turn with the sun is about as true as that any other flowers similarly turn. In the growth of plants the flower stems take a spiral motion. In many cases the uncoiling is finished by the time the flowers open; but in many cases it continues for a short time on—

DRIFTINGS FROM THE FAIR.

JOHN THORPE, the floriculture chief, says that the exposition will advance floriculture in this country fully twenty-five years.

MORE than one and one-half million pounds of steel and iron will enter into the construction of the mines and mining buildings.

A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR model of a stamp mill for reducing copper, now the property of the state museum of Michigan, will be shown at the fair.

THE president of Uruguay has designated the Association Rural of that country as the national commission to charge of Uruguay's exhibit at Chicago in 1893.

A stock company with a capital of \$100,000 has been formed to place a paper exhibit at the Columbian exposition. Every American paper maker or American manufacturer of paper-making machinery will be allowed to take stock.

MILITARY DOINGS.

THE barrel of the Krupp gun is fourteen feet long, and each charge costs \$500.

ENGLAND has more than two thousand generals on her army lists, an average of one to every company of soldiers.

RUDYARD KIPPLING is accredited with saying of Irish soldiers that they fight like fends, argue like children, reason like women and obey like men.

THE penalty standing against a German soldier or sailor of the standing army or navy who left the fatherland was a fine of 200 marks or forty days' imprisonment. That has now been raised to 1,000 marks' fine or imprisonment for four months.

SECRETARY TRACY has annulled the naval regulation which proscribes a salute of nineteen guns to the secretary of the navy when he officially visits a war vessel or naval station. And he will be just as big a gun as if he continued the other nineteen's racket.

THE FREAKS OF NATURE.

A BALTIMORE mulatto is turning pink. A cow with seven legs is owned in Athens, Ga. The extra limbs grow from the top of her shoulder.

A CAT in Texas has developed such affection for a dog that she is learning to bark so that she can converse with him with greater freedom.

THE Star Fair, at Lewiston, Me., had a drawing card for the natives in the shape of a lamb five months old, with five legs, ten dew-claws and eleven udders.

A PECULIAR bird was captured a few days ago near Cheyenne, Wyo. It has the head, beak and talons of an eagle, but its plumage is shaded green and blue, resembling that of a parrot.

S. W. FOLLANSBEE shot a white crow near his mineral spring in the Troy silica beds, New Hampshire. It is claimed that the crow was turned white by drinking the mineral water.

WOMEN OF ROYAL BIRTH.

THE queen of Italy has a \$7,000 dress. It cost \$250,000 to bury Grand Duchess Paul of Russia.

THE use of tobacco for smoking purposes within the precincts of Windsor Castle has been strictly prohibited by command of the queen.

LITTLE QUEEN WILHELMINA, of Holland, has an income of 600,000 guilders, or about \$250,000. Her reign will begin August 18, 1890, when she will have attained the age of eighteen.

It is said that Queen Christina of Spain has been struck with a spasm of reform and is trying to remodel her household of a plainer and more sober style of many.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

EDWARD W. THOMPSON, of Indiana, who was Hayes' secretary of the navy, is the last survivor of the Twenty seventh congress.

THE Goulds, Astors and Vanderbilts are their own insurers. None of the insurance companies, it is said, can boast of having their names on their lists.

CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW says that a thorough study of Macaulay's Essays gives him that turn of thought and happiness of expression which have made him such a success as an after-dinner speaker.

FOR the last year or two Mrs. Thurman was rather more active than her husband, and she used to chide him good-naturedly for letting his health suffer for want of exercise. But he has outlived her.

GOV. TOOLE, of Montana, is one of the finest-looking men in the state. He is not more than thirty-eight years old, is tall and well proportioned and has a fine face and a handsome head of hair. His wife is a daughter of Gen. W. S. Rosecrans.

The Clergyman and the Jockey.

A clergyman, who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was, not long since, at a country hotel, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed:

"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach than to see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way."

"Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the jockey.

"In the state prison," returned the clergyman.—N. Y. Ledger.

Not a Sport.

Miss Caustique—I see you have never had much experience in the game of baseball.

Mr. Fanstique—No, I haven't; but how did you find it out?

Miss Caustique (yawning)—Oh! because short stops and home runs seem things unknown to you.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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OF THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE

SINRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.

BLACK ART.

A Magician on Modern and Old-Time Magic.

The Best Tricks Are Those Requiring the Least Apparatus—Some Amusing and Mystifying Performances.

"Very few additions of importance have been made to the repertoire of the professional magician within recent years," said an expert in prestidigitation to a Washington Star reporter. "The new tricks all require elaborate mechanical contrivances. It may be that they draw the public for awhile, but they do not furnish lasting attractions. Take the 'vanishing lady,' for example. In its way it was a wonderful thing, and the mechanism necessary was elaborate and costly; but every one knows that the woman must necessarily disappear through a trap in the stage, and the only mystery lay in the cleverness with which the feat was accomplished. There was no illusion, properly speaking, nor anything to excite wonder. A trick, to be really worth anything, must be seemingly a miracle, inexplicable to the mind of the spectator.

"The best tricks are those requiring the least apparatus. No feat of magic ever attempted on the stage has created a more profound sensation than did the famous 'sphinx' when it first appeared in Europe. Even the scientific men went wild over it. It was the first thing of its kind ever seen, and for a long time no one suspected that the body to which the talking head belonged was concealed behind two mirrors that stood at an angle with each other beneath the table. The extreme simplicity of the means used for deceiving was the most effective point. But the performer is most successful when he employs for the purposes of legend and everyday articles, such as people are accustomed to. Audiences are always entranced to see rabbits, guinea pigs and other articles taken off-hand out of the hat of the fat gentleman who has been so imprudent as to take a front seat near the middle aisle.

"This sort of trick is much more simple and easily performed than you may suppose. I descend from the stage and borrow a silk hat from any gentleman who will give me one. The first thing to be taken from the hat are already concealed on the inside of my coat. As I turn and regain the stage, with my back for a moment to the spectators, I quickly drop these articles into the hat. Then I face the audience once more and draw the things out one by one, exhibiting much surprise. Some live animal may come first, because it is desirable to dispose of that as quickly as possible. Next, perchance, I pull out a wig, which always excites a roar of laughter. The other articles to be brought forth have been previously done up in many compact little bundles. Sometimes a single small package contains a quantity of hen feathers so tightly done up that when they are shaken out there seems to be enough of them to fill a mattress. Each bundle is so fixed that its wrapping can be disengaged in a second.

"Having pulled out of the hat all the things which have been previously taken from under my coat and put into it, I go to a shelf under pretense of brushing the tile, and incidentally slip a number of other articles into it. Then I come down toward the audience as if for the purpose of returning the borrowed stovepipe, but suddenly pause and begin to draw out of it many things several times the size of the hat, such as bird-skins, trunks, and so forth, all of which are so made that they close up in very small compass. The springs that hold them in shape are released as each one is taken out. Of course, a trick like this requires a great deal of practice and skill, but its effectiveness is almost wholly due to the fact that it is performed with so commonplace an object as a borrowed silk hat. Perform a seeming miracle with a broom, a brick, or anything else that is exceedingly commonplace and familiar and your feat excites infinitely more wonderment than if it were accompanied with an elaborate mechanical contrivance. When the Pharaoh's magicians turned their walking-sticks into snakes they knew how to impress most strongly the minds of observers."

A Substitute for Steel.

An odd cargo of African vegetable fiber, tough as steel itself, is being landed in Philadelphia from the Italian bark Nuova Mondo. The vessel brought two thousand two hundred and thirty-six bales of it from Oran, an Algerian seaport in the Mediterranean sea. The fiber has been found to be so elastic that it can be used as a substitute for springs and the like in the manufacture of furniture back and seats. It is expensive and so easily affected by higher temperatures in its dry state that the bales are held in place by bands of heavy steel. The peculiarity of the grass is that it thrives only around the volcanic mountain slopes of Oran and flourishes up to within a short distance of the craters themselves. The fiber is always in a semi-active state, and the earth around it is so warm that not a plant of any kind can thrive or is ever seen to grow except this steel-like plant. When dry and flattened out it will pierce a body like an arrow.

A Peculiar Request.

An eccentric French lady named Cabouret has left a fortune of \$1,600,000 to any Frenchman who may succeed in organizing a caravan of 500 of his compatriots and penetrating farther than anyone has ever done before into the wilds of Africa. The caravan may contain a larger number of persons, but, whether it does or not, one-half of its entire number must be brought back safe and sound to France. The will is to be disputed by her relatives. A Toulouse correspondent says the testator was a fervent admirer of Cardinal Richelieu, and thought that the best way to kill the slave trade was to make Africa well known.

ROMANCE AND COMMON SENSE.

The Letter Won in This Instance Much to Everybody's Advantage.

The approaching marriage of a well-known society belle of Virginia to a young man of great promise in a certain little town in the old dominion has just brought to light a dainty bit of romance which, at the same time, points a moral, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The principals in the little drama are the young couple and Rev. Alexander Allison, D. D., of the Alexander Presbyterian church, this city.

One sunny afternoon about eighteen months ago Dr. Allison was working in the study attached to the church, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a young girl of surpassing beauty, and a manly looking fellow, who immediately explained their visit as the result of a determination to get married.

They had no marriage license, and while the young fellow hurried off to secure one in time to have the ceremony performed that day, the young lady remained in the study.

Dr. Allison shrewdly suspected that the affair was to be a secret marriage, and during the would-be husband's absence questioned the girl, who frankly told him she was the only child of a wealthy and influential lawyer in Virginia; that she was visiting wealthy friends in West Philadelphia, and that the young man was a medical student in New York, who had been engaged to her for five years. He was visiting the same people in West Philadelphia, and, more as a joke than anything else, they had impulsively agreed to marry in secret. She was about going for a year's visit to California, and the young man, she added, wished to make sure her beauty would not cause some Californian to tear her from him.

Dr. Allison pointed out the advantage she was taking of her father, the manner in which both of them would be trampled and worried if they married and then separated, as must be the case, and urged that they wait until she returned home and then be married properly and as their high social position demanded. The girl's Virginia blood came to the front under pressure of the clergyman's logical arguments, and she announced her intention of following his advice.

Dr. Allison informed the young man when he returned finally, minus a license, because it was after hours at the clerk's office, of his views regarding their matrimonial venture, and the young lady declared she would not marry. A stormy time was looked for from the young man, but he sensibly fell in with the majority and said he would wait until his sweetheart should return from the Pacific slope. The girl thanked Dr. Allison cordially, and begged him not to reveal her name to anyone and the two departed.

Dr. Allison recently received an invitation to their wedding, which occurred with great ceremony. The young student is now an M. D. Dr. Allison would have officiated at the ceremony, but did not like to supplant the Virginia clergyman who tied the knot.

AFRICAN SAVAGES.

A Tribe That Vanquished One Thousand White Men.

Only a few weeks ago came the news of a terrible disaster to the expedition which Capt. von Zelewski recently led into the interior of German east Africa. He had with him about one thousand men. When about two hundred and fifty miles in the interior, in the country of the Wahehe, he was attacked by that savage tribe. He and nine of his white officers were killed or missing. Only two of his officers escaped to the coast. The Germans fell into an ambush and were attacked by overwhelming numbers. Many members of the expedition were taken captive, and it is believed that at least three hundred of them were killed, while about three hundred returned to the coast. A battle so costly in loss of men has never before been fought between the whites and natives of equatorial Africa.

It may be interesting, says the Chicago Tribune, to know something of the natives who have inflicted such a terrible reverse upon the whites. The plateau country of Uhehe begins about three hundred miles southwest of Bagamoye and about one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Lake Nyassa. Along the upper waters of the Rufiji river, which is here known as the Ruaha, the country is surrounded by mountains, through which it is difficult to march. About all we know of the Uhehe is derived from the writings of Joseph Thompson, who was the first white man to pass through this country. He made his journey in 1879, though Burton nearly twenty years before passed through a corner of the country and formed a very unfavorable opinion of the natives. Thompson gave a more flattering account of the Wahehe.

He said they are rather a good-looking lot of negroes, light in color, with fine muscular figures. Their arms at that time consisted of assegais, a stabbing spear and a weapon that was between a billhook and an ax. It is said, however, that they have since obtained good firearms from the Portuguese, and this is the reason, doubtless, they were able so overwhelmingly to defeat the German expedition. They are a pastoral race, depend largely on their cattle for food, and the men never condescend to work in the fields. Thompson said not a single article was stolen from him, though the natives did not receive him in a very friendly manner, and he had difficulty in buying food from them.

It is said that Germany will start an expedition at once to punish these warlike natives. It is a curious fact that the events of this year seem to demonstrate that small and comparatively weak parties of travelers go along in inner Africa more easily than large and finely-armed bodies. The big expeditions of Germany in both west and east Africa, and of the French under Crampel, north of the Congo, have been terribly defeated and the bloody record of the last twelve months has never before been equalled in the history of African exploration.

A LINGUISTIC PARROT.

He Can Speak in Five Languages—A Bird Who Laughs at Humans.

The parrot, according to the best authorities on ornithology, belongs to the family of scissor-bills, remarkable for their beautiful colors, powerful bill, fleshy tongue and their power of imitating the human voice. According to others, who do not view them from a scientific standpoint, they are nothing more than a nuisance. But there are parrots and parrots, and, in whatever category one is disposed to place them, there is no gainsaying the fact that the attainments of some of them are noteworthy, if not always praiseworthy.

Up in the French quarter just north of Washington square, says the New York Mail and Express, lives an old Frenchman, an exile of course, called M. Felix. He is a gentleman of the old school, and is supposed to have seen better, if not happier, days. For many years he has instructed his fellow countrymen and country women, too, for that matter, through the medium of a little circulating library over which he presides with great dignity. He speaks seven or eight languages. In time not otherwise engaged he has instructed a parrot of which he is the possessor in the rudiments of some of these languages, and with an uncommon degree of success.

The other evening a call was made at the little circulating library. Felix's welcome was cordial and he seemed gratified to know that the fame of his parrot was extending.

"Ah, yes, Pierre, 'es a wonderful bird. I not take dree, two, si' toutsan' dolaires for him. Is it not so?"

"Ouil Ouil!" shrieked the parrot. Then he shut up like a steel trap and refused to be friendly for some little time. Felix took advantage of his silence to extol his merits, saying he knew words in English, French, German, Italian and Spanish.

"Of course, not vaire mooch, vous comprenez. Mais 'es not vaire well just now."

As Felix said this he winked slyly at his visitors. The parrot ruffled up his feathers at this and was extremely valuable for the space of a minute or so, in which he remarked that his "sante" was "tres bien." As if to prove it he hummed a few words of a song of the boulevard and wound up with a couple of bars of "The Marseillaise."

"How is that for high?" he interjected, as he swung gayly to and fro on his perch.

The antithesis to Felix's parrot is to be found in the possession of a theatrical manager up town. He is the owner of a parrot, a truly beautiful bird, by the way, who, while he has never been known to utter a word in any language familiar to man, yet seems to possess a keen sense of humor. This parrot is frequently present at operatic rehearsals, but it is when a new aspirant for fame behind the footlights is demonstrating his or her ability as a singer that this parrot comes out strongly. When the singer is in the most touching part of the music the parrot will break into a paroxysm of laughter, with a great "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

The sound is infectious in the extreme, and the effect on the bewildered singer is more easily imagined than described.

Keeps Tap on the Voters.

In a big Fulton street restaurant there is a man with a peculiar specialty. He must have taken years of practice to perfect himself in it, and as far as is known he has his unique field all to himself. He stands at a desk directly opposite the stairs which lead to the kitchen, and the waiters in going and returning therefrom have to pass before him. On the desk, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, is a great card with a list of every solid and liquid that the restaurant sells running down the side of it. As the waiters pass from the kitchen they swing their trays toward him, and at a glance he makes a mental list of everything upon them and writes their prices down upon the card with electric rapidity. During the busy hours his pen is kept going incessantly; but he never makes a mistake, and when the day closes the proprietors have the record of its sale before them to the final and exact penny. He is a variety of automatic cash register that ought never to fail to find a market.

Gov. Hogg's Big Catch.

Gov. Hogg, of Texas, was recently down on the gulf fishing. He relates an incident to a Fort Worth Gazette correspondent thus: "I was sitting in the boat one day," he said, "just inside the entrance to the pass, when I felt a nibble. I jerked the line gently, when I knew I had him. I began to haul in and felt the line grow heavier. Then began a succession of savage rushes, and all grew still as the breast when the spirit hath flown. When the end of the line came to the surface I found a tangle of fish. I had first hooked a snapper; the snapper had been seized by a terrapin, which was unable to free itself. The terrapin had been run through by a swordfish, which was fastened by his long blade, and a sturgeon had wrapped himself around the swordfish and stung him to death. I suppose there must have been three hundred pounds of meat on the hook." Asked if there was anyone else in the boat, the governor replied that he was alone.

The Largest Locomotive.

The Baldwin locomotive works of Philadelphia has just completed for the freight service of the Erie railway the largest compound locomotive in the world. The weight of the engine is 135,000 pounds, exclusive of the tender. It has three pairs of driving-wheels sixty-two inches in diameter. The weight on these wheels, which is the measure of the power of the locomotive, is 107,000 pounds. Its length is 56 feet, and height 16 feet. It is expected that this engine can be run at a saving of from 30 to 40 per cent. over the same size single expansion engine. But, after all, the Erie's new locomotive will not appear so big when the Baldwin company has constructed for the same company five new ones which are to weigh 177,000 pounds each.

SCIENCE OF ALL SORTS.

A SWARM of flies cannot travel at any greater pace than eleven miles an hour.

BRICKS are enamelled by being dipped into a slip composed of finely-ground enamel suspended in water. They are then dried and fired a second time.

PROF. JAMES HALL, the distinguished paleontologist of New York, is hale and hearty at eighty-one years of age. He is the Nestor of American geologists.

THERE are about sixty species of sharks known to scientific observers, and this much-dreaded creature is found in every sea plowed by the keel of a ship.

A HUMAN voice speaking in the open air, when it is calm, can be heard at a distance of 450 feet; the report of a musket, 16,000, and heavy guns, 475,000 feet.

It is pointed out as an interesting fact that people with a tendency to consumption are never bald. On the contrary, they usually possess a luxuriant head of hair.

AN 18-foot telescope reveals about 48,000,000 stars of the 13th magnitude, whose light takes 2,700 years to reach us. Each of these stars is thought to be the center of a solar system like our own.

DOINGS IN ATCHISON.

AN Atchison girl has written a poem, in which she refers to the nostrils of the heroine as the "windows of the nose."

AN Atchison man who believes in preparing for trouble builds an addition to his house every time a daughter gets married.

"I HAVE boarded so long," said an Atchison man, "that I have eaten three car loads of fried potatoes. I'm now at work on my fourth."

At a recent wedding in South Atchison the groom charged twenty-five cents a "number" to dance, and thus made enough to pay all the wedding expenses.

Two of the boys in the Atchison high school do all the bed making, dish washing and sweeping for their mother. But they don't want the other boys to hear of it.

A VERY poor old woman in Atchison had it announced recently that she had had an immense fortune left her by relatives in the old country, and has since had to hire a stenographer to answer the many invitations she has received from friends to come and make her home with them for the rest of her life.

FASHION'S DECREE.

ONE of fashion's bizzarre fads is the red riding hood cape, which is of cloth of the most vivid tone but of the finest quality.

DRESS skirts are being made narrower even than they were worn a few months ago; indeed, those who affect the exaggerated mode find difficulty in walking.

An expensive but handsome novelty is amazon cloth ornamented with a flat band of feather trimming made of lophophore, peacock or other brilliant plumage.

The most elegant material for visiting and dinner gowns this season is the finest of plain cloth. Its weight makes it possible to use brighter colors than would be desirable in less solid fabric.

HERE is a suggestion which will prove a convenience to every woman who wears a veil. Take the two ends and plait them in little, soft, untwisted plaits and sew them with silk the color of the veil in a close little cluster. When the veil is to be adjusted all there is to do is to fasten each of these ends with a suitable pin.

SOME RECENT FINDS.

A PETRIFIED elephant has been unearthed near Jasper, Fla.

GREAT layers of onyx have been discovered in Smyth county, Va.

TASMANIA has discovered silver mines far richer than any in Australia.

SEVERAL specimens of new stone capable of a high polish have been found in Nevada.

AN Indiana man while fishing recently found a very fine pearl. It had fallen from a mussel shell and was lying on the bar. It weighs two and a half pennyweights, and was pronounced a very fine specimen.

A DEPOSIT of vanadium has been found in the province of Mendoza, Argentine Republic. This metal is used for setting dyes in silks, ribbons, hosiery and other fine goods. It has been held as high as \$1,500 per ounce.

TO SERVE WITH TURKEY.

PLAIN boiled potatoes, squash, cauliflower with white sauce.

POTATOES, boiled onions in cream sauce, glazed sweet potatoes.

ESCALLOPED cauliflower, potato timbale, vegetables a la jardiniere.

CASSEROLE of potatoes, creamed onions, lima beans in white sauce.

MACEDOINE of vegetables, potato croquettes, macaroni with brown sauce.

PLAIN boiled potatoes, escalloped sweet potatoes, mashed turnips, French peas.

STEWED celery with cream or Bechamel sauce, mashed potatoes, squash.

POTATO balls or cubes, with parsley, butter, escalloped tomatoes, spaghetti with Bechamel sauce.—Ladies' Home Journal.

GETTING A START.

JUDGE NOAH DAVIS was born on a farm and realized his first coin selling eggs.

CALVIN S. BRICE's first labor was over law books in a country law office in Ohio.

HENRY CLEWS' early life was spent as a porter in a woolen house at three dollars a week.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY, the silver-tongued orator, made his first money holding the ribbons over his father's bus team in Philadelphia.

BAILEY WAGGENER, a Kansas lawyer, who is one of Jay Gould's staff of railway counsel, used to earn his living in Atchison by sawing wood.

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